THE CADIZ SENTINEL.

VOLUME XI. CADIZ, HARRISON COUNTY, OHIO, JUNE 5, 1844. NUMBER 11.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY
BY L. HARPER.

☞ Terms.—One dollar and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance, or within three months; two dollars at the end of six months; or two dollars and fifty cents at the end of the year. ☞ These conditions will be strictly adhered to.

☞ Advertising.—One square, (twelve lines,) fifty cents for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents each subsequent publication. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

☞ Letters to the editor must be post paid.

POETRY.

The Dear Girl of the Free.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

How bright are those eyes where the summer time beam,
Like a glory hung over the blue—
Where the calm sunny waves of the whispering stream
Are as bright and unchangeable too;
While the low silver music of Italy rings
From the depths of her rose-blushing flowers,
And the spirits of love, on their tremulous wings,
Are awaked from an Eden of flowers.

Oh! brilliant the glance of the Castilian maid,
Who has looked through the jessamine leaves,
As if for the coming of one half afraid—
At whose absence she mournfully grieves.
Not for these! Not for these shall we eagerly roam
O'er the soraline halls of the sea,
But exclaim, as we kneel by our altars at home,
"*Give us the dear Girl of the Free!*"

She is born where the breezes are sent from the deep—
Playing over the cradle of love,
And at night time to watch 'round her innocent sleep,
The gold stars ever sparkle above;
Oh! her music 's the song of the geen forest-lyres,
And well may their harmonies roll,
For they find a strain sweeter than wilderness choirs
In the melody breathed from her soul.

See the splendor that plays o'er her exquisite form,
See the glory that burns in her eye,
As exulting she marks the star-flag, like a storm,
By her lover unfurl'd to the sky!
Then shout, while the banner displays ev'ry fold
Over mountain and valley and lea—
Aye, shout, comrades, for all the bride of the bold—
"*Give us the dear Girl of the Free!*"

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CHAPTER ON MUSIC.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE CADIZ SENTINEL.

Here in this our beautiful village of Cadiz, we have decidedly a musical population. The old, the middle-aged, and the young, are all musicians. We have a Democratic Band, a Whig Band, and a Tyler Band. This last association is decidedly *sui generis!* Who its members are would puzzle a magician to tell,—and where they get their music, no disciple of Mozart or Handel can inform us! They are masqued nondescripts, who can't be found in day light, and don't know each other at night! They meet semi-occasionally, when something of unusual interest occurs, such as a wedding for instance; and then the way they make themselves heard, is a caution to bull-frogs!

It is most delightful one of these lovely nights, when pale Cynthia's soft and silvery beams enliven and beautify nature, to listen to the animamating strains of the flute, clarionet or guitar, when touched by some master hand.

The "Bard of Avon" said:

"He who hath no music in his soul,
Nor is fill'd with the concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

Every nation of the world that we read of in history has paid more or less attention to the cultivation of the delightful art of Music. Whether our ancient progenitor, Mr. Adam, or his amiable spouse, Mrs. Eve, played on the flute, guitar, or piano, we have no data from which to form an opinion—but it is quite certain that their Paradise was a lovely spot, and made vocal by the sweet notes of Philomel and her feathery sisters of song; and it would seem to be a natural conclusion that Madam was fascinated by the "concord of sweet sounds" on THAT tree, instead of the wily eloquence of Beelzebub.

Lucretius informs us, in the fifth book of his poem "*De Rerum Natura,*" that the birds taught man to sing, and that the invention of musical instruments was suggested by the sounds produced from reeds, when the western wind blows over them—

——"the birds instructed man,
And taught him songs before his art began;
And while soft evening gales blow o'er the plains,
And shook the sounding reeds, they taught the swains;
And thus the pipe was framed, and tuneful reed."

The earliest record of music extant is found in *Genesis,* where Jabal, the seventh in descent from Adam, is mentioned, as the "father of such as handle the *harp* and *organ;*" and it is certain, that the Egyptians were the originators of music, if we are to credit Heroditus; for musical instruments were found sculptured on an Egyptian obelisk brought to Rome by Augustus. Moses sang after the miraculous passage of the Red Sea. Music formed an essential part of every Jewish ceremony. The Priesthood were musicians by office, which was hereditary. At the dedication of Solomon's Temple, Josephus says that two hundred thousand musicians were engaged, blowing trumpets. Cadmus, with his Phœnicians, introduced music into Greece. Chiron, the Centaur, taught Achilles music.—Terpander is said to have appeased an insurrection in Lacedemon, by his songs. Lamia, a lady distinguished for her wit and personal charms, after captivating many by her skill as a performer on the flute, and her beauty, conferred such benefit on the Athenians, that they dedicated a temple to her. Pythagoras had a notion that there was a *music of the spheres,* produced by the motion of the heavenly bodies. Quintilian partly ascribes the reputation of the Roman troops to the impression made by the warlike sounds of the fifes and trumpets upon the legions. Plutarch was of opinion that nothing was of greater use than music to excite persons at all times to virtuous actions, and especially to confront the dangers of war. Dion Chrysostome informs us that when Timotheus played one day on the flute, in a martial strain, before Alexander the Great, that prince immediately ran to arms. The poets assert, that when Orpheus touched the lyre, the most rapid rivers ceased to flow, the savage beasts of the forests forgot their wildness, and the mountains moved to listen to his song; and when he entered the palace of Pluto, the wheel of Ixion stopped, the stone of Sisyphus stood still, Tantalus forgot his perpetual thirst, and even the Furies relented—

"The Furies sank upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hung listening round their heads."—Pope.

Music was an essential part of the education of the youth of Greece; and Polybius, a grave and serious historian, attributes the extreme difference between the two nations of Arcadia—the one infinitely beloved and esteemed for the elegance of their manners, their benevolent inclinations, humanity to strangers, and piety to the gods—the other, on the contrary, generally reproached and hated for their malignity, brutality and irreligion,—to the study of music,—industriously cultivated by the one, and absolutely neglected by the other. Socrates, at an advanced age, learned to play on musical instruments. Themistocles was thought deficient in polite accomplishments, because at an entertainment, he could not touch the lyre like the rest of the company. Epaminondas was praised for dancing and playing well on the flute;—and Plato, in his books of laws, prescribed judicious regulations with respect to dancing and music. Dr. Chambers, the writer of the "Bridgewater Treatise," beautifully says of music: "its sweetest sounds are those of kind affection,—its sublimest sounds are those expressive of moral heroism, or most fitted to prompt the aspirations and resolves of exalted piety." Who has ever read the Psalms of "Israel's sweet singer" and did not admire their lofty religious sentiment, and did not also feel a desire to "serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with singing." A Hebrew writer states that King David could play on thirty-six different instruments. Homer sung his own verses in the streets of Greece, but it was a want of bread that drove him to such a condition!—Little did the author of the "Iliad" think, while eating his crust in an obscure garret, that three great cities of his country should quarrel, after his death, as to which of them had the honor of giving him birth! All Europe has listened to the troubadours as they poured out their heroic and amatorial strains beneath the windows of their "ladye loves;" and many a bold Knight has warbled his deeds of chivalry, in striking a blow for Palestine. In the mountains of the Tyrol (says a recent writer) hundreds of the women and children come out when it is near bedtime, and sing their national songs, until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic Sea, the wives of the fishermen come down to the beach about sunset, and sing a melody from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." They sing the first verse, and then listen for some time; they then sing a second verse, and listen until they hear the answer come from the fishermen, who are thus guided by the sounds to their own village.

That music has ever had a powerful effect in soothing our stormiest passions, and awakening within us latent, but noble feelings, is a truth too evident to admit of doubt or denial. Show us a man who has a taste for music, and we will show you a man of benevolent disposition, generous sentiments, patriotic feelings and noble soul.

From Chambers Edinburgh Journal.

THE BEAUTY AND THE BEGGAR.

Not long since, in passing through one of our principle squares, I observed an elegantly dressed young lady, of the finest form and features, descend from a carriage, in order to enter a fashionable mercer's shop. As she stepped like a queen across the pavement, an infirm old female beggar, whose figure denoted almost the last stage of wretchedness, curtsied to her for an alms. The noble looking beauty passed on, without noticing the petitioner, who slowly turned away, with that patient and unoffended look which the habit of suffering and denial usually give, and pursued her halting and toilsome walk. Though my eye did not rest above a moment on this little scene, the contrast of the two figures struck me very forcibly, and I could not help following it out into all the circumstances in which the beauty and the beggar might be supposed to differ.

First, there was the delightful consciousness in the one, of possessing a person which procured a perpetual incense of praise and homage, and was likely to obtain for her a place in life even more elevated than that in which she had hitherto existed; while, in the other, the external figure, bowed down by age, disease, and apparently natural decrepitude, clothed in rags, and unpleasing to all who looked on it, was only a source of pain and humiliation, inspiring no other hope in her who dragged it along, than that of its being soon shovelled into some mean but not unwelcome grave. In one party, there was the elevating sense of high connection with those pure and lofty feelings which, however apt to be tainted with fastidiousness and pride, are, after all, the most enviable result of a perfect exemption from ignoble cares; while in the other there could only be, at the best, a mortification of all sense of personal dignity, and a despairing resignation to every contumely and every sorrow. The one probably went home to a splendid mansion, in which she could command, from obsequious menials, every luxury that she could desire; the other probably would hide, but not terminate, her daily distresses in a hovel destitute of all comfort, where, huddling her shrivelled form into a blanket, she would attempt to sleep away the appetite she could not gratify. On awaking to a new day of triumph and pleasure, the deliberations of the beauty would be as to what new or revived splendour she should adorn herself with—what robe of price, what lace, what trinket; she would ponder well and choose late, finding a regalement in the very difficulties and troubles which caprice would connect with her morning employment. The beggar, on reviving from a sleep which she herself wonders has not proved that of death, and dispelling the additional feebleness which sleep itself seems at first to leave, would have to weigh rag against rag, and debate with herself up with them. But it is not alone in general circumstances that a difference would be found. In every particular of form, thought, dress, habits, and associations; in every outgoing and incoming; in every point of worldly circumstances and destiny; they would differ. Nothing could be pronounced to be common to them but the human type, and the hope of an ultimate existence, in which no such difference shall be cognisable.

At a first view of such contrasts in the condition of human beings, we are apt to tax nature or fortune with partiality; but, on consideration, the charge is found to be less just than it at first appeared. No doubt the beggar seems to enjoy a very small portion of that kind of happiness which the beauty derives from external circumstances she has a body distressed with cold, disease, and infirmity; a home (if she have a home) which yields no personal solacements; and tastes no share of that admiration, nor indulges in any of those refined sentiments, which give relish to the existence of her opposite. Her frame, nevertheless, is capable of its own humble enjoyments, which the very rarity of their occurrence renders only more agreeable. Her house can in some measure give shelter, and her clothes warmth; she obtains the primary benefits of the chief necessaries. She has also to reflect that, in the course of nature, she could not, at her time of life, except the same enjoyments as the young and gay. Those enjoyments she in some measure had when she was herself young, and now they must be resigned to others. But nature, in putting those enjoyment into the remote perspective of memory, has also taken away the desire for them, and the power of experiencing them. The old never wish to be again young, for they do not feel within them that which makes youth happy—keen sensations and active faculties. To many, therefore, of her deficiencies, indifference kindly reconciles her. Again it must be remembered that early habits have at once inured her to the want of many comforts, and rendered her ignorant of their existence. Were a person who had once known affluence and comfort reduced to her condition, every new circumstance would be contrasted with the old, and all its bitterness would be felt. The most of those who speculate upon the state of the poor, judge of it with a regard to what they would themselves feel if it were unexpectedly to become their own lot. It is no doubt sufficiently miserable in many instances; but it is nevertheless a very different thing in the eyes of the poor, from what it is in those of the rich.

And different as the beauty and the beggar may seem in every external circumstances, in how much are they similar! Gay and radiant as that youthful figure may appear—however noble that face, however delicate, and refined—what is it but the same frame as that of the beggar, at a different stage of existence? Those eyes that seemed fenced with their own lightnings, could not a moment dim them?—those cheeks, tinted with the loveliest of the hues of earth, could not a moment pale them?—that step, proud and gentle as the fawn's, could not a moment render it lame and halt as that of the aged cripple, or lay it in everlasting torpor? To every one of the natural ordinances, which have inflicted physical misery upon the poor mendicant, this splendid form is also liable, and of many of them it may ere long be the victim. By the same aliment it is supported—by the same distempers it may be blasted. Leave out of view but that thin exterior membrane in which beauty resides, and there is one fell melody which might extinguish even this grand point of difference—the one possesses no native quality in which the other is deficient, or for which she can claim exemption from the slightest visitation of ill to which the other is exposed. And who, under the strongest impression that beauty and station can make could take it upon him to predict that these advantages shall long remain with their present possessor? Take the commencement of the beggar's existence, and the termination of the beauty's, and perhaps the difference will not be found very great. Nor can any carefulness, any labour, any exertion of cultivated intellect, ensure to her who is, for the present, the most endowed with the gifts of nature and fortune, that one of these shall be hers for one day more, or that she shall herself continue, for that little space of time, to be at all. Touched by the instability of mortal affairs, seers have thought they saw, beneath the splendour of such forms, the presage of early misery and death; but the very impossibility of thus anticipating fate, is the true humiliation of human greatness. It may be the fortune of this elegant form to flourish for many years after the mendicant has closed her earthly woes; but it is also possible that another week may see her (if life be wealth) in a condition beyond conception poorer than any ever experienced by the beggar—prostrated in that dust which the beggar is still allowed to tread—a worm beneath the foot of her on whom she will now hardly deign to look.

Such are the communities of destiny which it may be legitimate to trace on earth. Beyond this lower sphere I do not look, not only because it were presumptuous to do so, but because earth's accidents must there be nothing. Earth, however, may have its angels as well as heaven; and in the language of compliment, such an epithet might have been bestowed upon this lovely being who shared in calling forth these remarks. She wanted the most necessary of all the elements of his character; she wanted charity. The bestowal of the merest mite, nay, of one kind and compassionate glance, upon the humble object who stood before her in such strong apparent contrast, would have given her the enviable title. But the eye which looked to see heaven met the earth in golden sympathy, saw only one cloud pass another, and glory was forfeited for a farthing.

THE ELDEST SON.

A SKETCH—BY MISS BREMER.

The eldest son, our Lennartson, was in his youth of a delicate constitution and irritable temperament. The mother dedicated to him the greatest attention; not an effeminating, but a tenderly cherishing care, which makes strong in love. By the bed of the boy the quiet mother often sat, and related to him, or read aloud of men who have overcome the infimities of the body by the strength of the soul and the will, and who have become the glory of the benefactors of their nation. Especially dwelt upon the great men of his fatherland; the strong-minded and pious men, who by the union of those qualities laid the foundation of the Swedish people when this is true to itself.

The boy listened inquisitively; his breast opened itself to great thoughts; and the soul nourished by the marrow of heroism, soon raised up the weaker body. This also was strengthened by useful exercises. At the age of fifteen, Lennartson excelled the greater number of his companions in pliancy and strength of body. The mother soon saw the affectionate spirit of her son break forth in its whole wealth, but with its dangerous propensities likewise. The young Lennartson had, like his father, a violent and inflexible temper. His father's severity towards his mother, excited him in the highest degree; and this gave occasions to scenes between father and son which unsettled the weak health of the mother, but—strange enough—broke also the rude power of the father. He became, as it were, afraid of his son; afraid, at least, in all things which concerned the mother, and he no longer dared to offend against her. This St. John-like nature had brought up an eagle; and this eagle now spread its wings defendingly over her. Happy in the love of her son, but terrified also at the almost fearful temper which she saw break forth in him, she wished to teach this young power to govern itself; and sought to strengthen him in that which alone give all power its truth, its proportions, and its right direction; namely, in the true fear of God. Early had she permitted the great figures of humanity to step forward before the eye of the child. Now she endeavored to let the inquiring understanding of the young man ascend to a clear conception of the reality of life and of the doctrine which had cradled in unconscious love the heart of the child.

For this end she went to work in quite another way to most parents and teachers. Instead of removing books which are looked upon as dangerous to piety, she brought those forward. She read with her young son the works of the most renowned atheists and deists, from the oldest times to the present day, and let his reason exercise itself with comparing their doctrines with the doctrines in which a personally revealed God gives the most complete solution of the enigma of life, as well as in this revelation of His will and His being, the only secure, fully-efficient guarantee for the fulfilment of man's deepest longings, his holiest hope on earth.

She let him in this way surround himself with perfect difficulties, and, as it were by his own strength, open the way to the innermost centre of life. She it was who brought forward objections founded upon the doctrines of the Naturalists; he it was who answered them. But the joy which beamed from the eyes of the mother at the happily solved difficulties, probably enlightened the son secretly in his inquirings.

And whilst she thus conducted him to an independent and firm point of mind, she taught him to have esteem for his opponent, and to value all honest inquiry and all sincere opinion, and to acknowledge the sproutings of truth even in immature doctrines.

Lennartson often spoke of this period of his life, as of the happiest and richest. His mother's affectionate glance and approving word were his dearest reward. She caressed him but very rarely, although he often fell upon his knees before her in fanatical reverence, and kissed her and her dress. Only sometimes at those moments, in which she remarked that the young heart was too violently consumed by a desire for reciprocation, did she allow his glowing cheek to repose on the breast which only beat for him, but which already bore the seed of death in a cruel and generally incurable malady.

Carefully concealed she from her son the pangs by which she had been wasted for many years. For the first time, when an operation was necessary, Lennartson became aware of the sufferings and the danger of his mother. She wished him to be absent during the painful hours, and sought by an innocent guile to deceive him as to the time. But he allowed himself not to be deceived—he allowed himself not to be sent away. His arms sustained her in the painful hour; her eyes rested, during it, upon his, and for his sake she bore all without the slighest complaint.

And she was able to live yet three years for his sake—yet three years to be happy through him. Then broke out the malady incurably. Whilst she spoke of immortality and of the certainty of seeing him again, and besought of him to have "patience with his father," she departed in his arms.

An old divine in New England, asking a blessing upon his meals, was wont to name each separate dish. Sitting down one day to a dinner, which consisted partly of clams and bear stake, he was forced in a measure to forego his usual custom of furnishing a "bill of particulars." "Bless to us our use," said he, "these treasures hid in the sand; bless this——." But the bear's meet puzzled him and he concluded with: "Oh, Lord, thou only knowest what it is!"

The latest illustration of the evils of taking a '*drop* too much,' happened to be a man in Neville, in the western part of New York. While having one wife in the east; he married a Miss Amanda Drop, and was the next week put in the county jail for bigamy. This may well be called a bitter drop for him.

Poisoned by the leaf of the Pie-Plant.—The whole family of Mr. Havens, of Bedford, were poisoned a few days since in consequence of eating Rhubarb leaves boiled as greens, and it is feared that two of the children will not recover. The leaf of this plant, of which the stalk, is used for pies without danger, contains a considerable quantity of oxalic acid.

Reymonds, the dramatist, observing to Martin the thinness of his house at one of his own plays, added—"I suppose it is owing to the *war.*" "No," replied Martin, "I should judge it is owing to the *piece.*"

The Beauty of Childhood.—A lovely woman is an object irresistibly enchanting, and the austere grace of manhood fills the soul with a proud sense of the majesty of human nature; but there is something far less earthly and more intimately allied to our holiest imaginings in the purity of a child. It satisfies the most delicate fancy, and the severest judgment. Its happy and affectionate feelings are unchecked by one guileful thought, or one cold suspicion. Its little beauteous face betrays each emotion of its heart, and it is as transparent as the silvery cloud-veil of a summer sun, that shows all the light within. It is as fearless and innocent in its waking hours, as in its quiet slumbers. It loves every one, and smiles on all! I have sometimes gazed upon a beautiful child with a passion only equalled in intensity by that of youthful love. The heart at such a time is nearly stifled with a mixed emotion of tenderness, admiration, and delight. It almost aches with affection. I can fully sympathise in a mother's deep idolatry. I love all lovely children, and have often yearned to imprint a thousand passionate kisses upon a stranger's child, though met, perhaps, but for a moment in theatres or in streets, and passing from me, like a radiant shadow to be seen no more. The sudden appearance of a child of extraordinary beauty comes upon the spirit like a flash of light; and often breaks up a train of melancholy thoughts, as a sunbeam scatters the mist of morning. The changing looks and attitudes of children afford a perpetual feast to every eye that has a true perception of grace and beauty. —*Richardson's Literary leaves.*

How to treat a Wife.—First get a wife. Secondly be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business, and in your intercourse with the world; but do not, therefore carry to your home a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have had trials, which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. Do not increase her difficulties. A kind conciliating word, a tender look will do wonders in chasing from her brow all kinds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes, but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But O, bear with her, she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all their keenness.

Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider her duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not sear and palsy a heart, which watered by gentleness and kindness, would to the latest day of your existence throb with sincere and constant affection.

Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to her to yield her choice as to you. Do you find it hard to yield *sometimes*? Think you is it not difficult for her to give up *always?* If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will think you are selfish, and care only for yourself, and with such a feeling she cannot love you as you ought. Again

Show yourself manly, so that your wife can look up to you, and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgment.

An Unhappy Disposition.

An unhappy disposition is the worst of all destinies, because you cannot escape from it. It is a plague you carry along with you. That a restless and unquiet mind can by any effort or resolution be convened into a tranquil and happy mind, is what may be affirmed impossible. It is easy to convert a thin frame into a stout, a pale complexion into a fresh, and a fair into a dark.—Temper is constitutional, like the shape of the nose, or mouth, or color of the eyes. Still it is possible to improve any disposition by culture; as it is possible to improve the expression of any countenance. You cannot change the original character, but you can improve it. What the world calls good tempers, are, perhaps, at the root, no better than the bad. The bad are generally those of great energy and vigor, and only require direction and care to make them most useful and profitable. But without this care, they are liable to wild excesses which entail great misery on their possessors.

The Woman for a wife.

She who dislikes wine in general, but especially Champaign; she to whom plain stuff and satin are equal, who objects to feathers, and considers jewelry unbecoming; who prefers the leg of a fowl to the wing, and a mutton chop to either; who has no relish for plays, concerts, balls, parties or any kind of diversion whatever; and whose favorite occupations are mending her husbands things and cooking his victuals—*she* is the woman for a wife! So says the papers—and we shouldn't wonder if she is the very dot, sure enough.

Anecdote.—A wine merchant received the following note on the day after the fire in Water street the other day, 'My dear L.——— I am sorry to tell you that your store was last night burned to the ground, and your wine is all gone to the devil!

Yours truly, M.

He replied as follows:—Dear M———, I am glad my wine is gone where my friends will be most likely to drink it! Yours truly, L.

Worshipping Unclean Beasts.—Some benighted nations worship unclean animals, venomous reptiles, and birds of prey. Certian Indian tribes worship the bear, bison, tortoise, opossum, &c., &c. But it was reserved for "all the decency" of the Federal party of 1840 to discover and appreciate the peculiar sanctity and virtue embodied in a Coon skin.

"Haloo, Mister," cried a passenger in a stage coach, to a rough looking passenger "can you tell me what has become of those goslings which were hatched last year on the top of that rock?" —"Four of them are dead, sir," returned Jonathan, "and the other, I perceive, is a passenger in the stage coach."

It is stated that Col. A. Smith, who has charge of the survey of the North Eastern boundary, has received direction from the President to remove the son of Mr. Webster from the post of Secretary of that commission which he now holds, and to appoint Col. Zabriskie, of New Jersey in his place.

GATHERINGS AND GOSSIPINGS.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and became so cold that she has milked nothing but "ice creams" ever since.

"Thomas, my child, tell me the biggest lie that you ever told, and I will give you a mug of cider." "Me! I never told a lie in my life." "Draw the cider my son, you've done it."

Some one has said that the letter W enters into the composition of woman, in all the relations of wife, widow, virgin and vixen. He ought to be whorse-whipped for his insolence.

There is a man in Vermont so tall that his pantaloons have to be made in a rope-walk, and when he goes to bed, his legs and arms shut up as though he was a four bladed jack knife. He only breathes twice a week.

☞About one hundred Mormons on route for the head quarters of Joe Smithism, passed through Pittsburgh on Wednesday.

The largest quantity of waste land in any county of England is in the North Riding of Yorkshire, there being no less than 132,815 acres of common or waste land out of 1,898,592.

☞ A petition was recently presented to Parliament, signed by upwards of 15,000 Canadians, protesting against the removal of the seat of Government to Montreal.

The group of Statuary, executed by Perscio for the eastern front of the Capitol, has been placed upon its pedestal, and is the subject of unbounded admiration, the Spectator says, to all who have examined it.

Realing Voyage.—The schooner Laurel, Harlow, from Labrador, arrived at Plymouth on Tuesday, with 650 seal pelts—all of which were taken, it is said, *in one afternoon!* This is the first sealing voyage from Plymouth.

For Oregon.—Five hundred emigrants passed through Independence, Missouri, during the week ending 4th of May Among them, five slaves voluntarily accompanying their master.

Cotton goods for China.—The bark Pioneer, sailed from Baltimore on Friday for Macao, and a market, with 1100 bales of cotton goods. The entire cargo was valued at $100,000.

Quick trip.—The steamboat J. M. White made a trip recently from New Orleans to St. Louis, a distance of 1,300 miles, against the current, in three days and twenty-three hours.

Hard boiled eggs are said to be a cure for love; they lie so heavy on the stomach, as to make the sufferer forget the weight upon his heart.

Bad books are like piratical cafts, sailing under false colors in every sea, and delighting in the wreck or conquest of everything precious.

An exceedingly tall gentleman was walking with a short friend, in the midst of a heavy shower, when the latter observed—"Bill, aint it coming down?"—Bill, lifting his shoulders still higher, remarked—"I don't know how it may be with you—but it's raining like blazes UP HERE!"

A dandy's locks are recommended for chair stuffings—they partake of the nature of the soil and are *so soft.*

Five thousand one hundred and nine children have been born in Havana during the past year, being an increase of four hundred and forty eight over the year 1842! A fruitful place is Havana.

At Work.—The Whig Native American City Council of New York organized on Tuesday last. —Their first act was to turn out of the office of city printer the fearless and able editor of that thorough democratic journals, the Plebian.

Alabama Senator.—A chair had been constructed purposely for Mr. Lewis in the Senate Chamber, and one that is large enough for two men, weighing each 180 pounds, to sit side by side. If we mistake not, Mr. Lewis weighs over 400 pounds.

At a recent fire in Boston, twenty poor families had their all destroyed. During the same day, a fire broke out in another part of the city, and several houses were consumed.

Thomas Hogan, one of the owners and editors of the Nashville Union, died at Nashville on the 11th inst. The Union comes to us in mourning in consequence.

Shot.—Mr. Allen Carr, of Farmersville, La., while seated by the side of his daughter, was a few days since shot dead by one of his slaves.

Destroyed by Fire.—Howard College, at Marion, Alabama, has been destroyed by fire—the apparatus, which is also lost, cost $5000.

Illinois.—Hon. Jos. P. Hodge and James Douglass have been re-nominated for Congress in their respective districts.

Larger than ever.—Cleared at Albany on Saturday evening, for Buffaloe, Van Dewater's iron boat New Era, with 130,000 lbs. cargo, paying $132 16 toll, being the largest amount ever collected on any single boat.

"What is morally wrong can never be politically right," is a noble sentiment full of force and meaning and worthy of the statesman who uttered it. It is a plain declaration of common sense, and carries conviction to the "feeblest individual's feeblest conscience."

A wag says that in journeying lately he was put into a stage sleigh with a dozen persons, of whom he did not know a single one. Turning a corner shortly after however the sleigh was upset, "and then" said he "*I found them all out.*"

A Cockney Colloquy.—"I say, Jim, are you going to see that man hung to-morrow?' 'I don't know, Dick; vot's he to be hung for?' 'Vy, bless you, for 'orse stealing.' 'For stealing a 'orse? vot a fool! Vy didn't he buy vone on trust and never pay for him?'

"Oh ma!" said a juvenile to an elderly dame, "there goes pa with a yoke of steers hitched to a bob sled."

"Hush, my child," said the mother, "it is very vulgar to say so; you should say *a pair of gentleman cows attached to a robert sleigh.*"

A dandy in New York, caught a violent cold one day last week in consequence of walking out with a serious rent in the little finger of his white kid gloves! The air got in at the orifice, and billious fever ensued immediately. Poor fellow.